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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A PRAYER.

Infinite Power, whose creative hand brought order out of chaos, light out of darkness and is bringing reason out of passion, and love out of hate, reveal Thyself to the war-maddened children of men in the groans of the mangled, the cry of the orphan, the agony of the widowed, too deep for tears. Quicken, oh Father, the judgment of envious rulers that they may know that wrath is for brutes, wisdom for men.

Oh thou God of Love, lead the militant into the paths of peace; teach the rulers of the earth that patience is the higher road to heroism and that the divinest courage leads to the endurance of wrong rather than to the violent slaughter of the innocent even in the face of injustice. Lift, Father, all selfish patriotism into a love for humanity; break all swords that reason may rule.

And if, oh Father, hate must for a while devastate fields made fair by industry and homes made tender by love, still make the wrath of man to praise Thee. Oh God, overrule the decision of the sword; supplant the verdicts of might with the sweet persuasiveness of brotherhood. Teach Thy rebellious children that the earth is for the meek and the fullness thereof is for the just.

May the nations learn that Thine Infinite Arm has doomed the arrogant and that Thy blessings come through the defeat of kings and the death of kingdoms. Father, we pray that in the future as in the past Thy Providence will grind crowns into dust, dismount cannons, scuttle battleships, break the swords of conquerors and dull the spurs of all those who would ride to glory or to power over the bleeding bodies of their brethren. Lord, God of Hosts, reveal Thyself to the nations of the world in the fatherly care and motherly love of home firesides and hasten that day when all men shall acknowledge Thee by acknowledging the universal brotherhood. Then the proud will be brought low, the humble will be exalted and from hut to palace all will sing the angels song of "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men!" Amen.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10. NUMBER 2

WAR.

They who take the sword,
To slay for lust of gain,
With fleets in air, with ships at sea,
Vast armies, Death's artillery,
Can they break the night of the Lord's decree?
With the sword they shall be slain.

They who take the sword,
In swords have put their trust.
Their foes shall be the unnumbered dead,
(No sentry hears that army's tread)
Who shall dash the crown from the victor's head,
And trample it in the dust.

They who take the sword,
A child shall their end foretell;
One dying mother's faintest sigh,
One Girl's imploring, piercing cry,
Shall ring like a blast in their souls till they die,
Shall ring through their souls in hell.

They who take the sword,
What gain is victory?
Their blood-drenched flags in triumph float?
Their new-won lands are a burial moat;
Better, with mill-stone 'round the throat,
Were they flung to the pitiless sea.

They who take the sword,
For lust, and hate, and gain,
The strength of the hills 'gainst them is set,
The sword of the spirit is sharper yet,—
For God hath said—shall God forget?—
With the sword they shall be slain.

The Independent. —*Edward Bliss Reed.*

Rabbi Theodore F. Joseph of Allentown, Pa., in an address before a Jewish gathering in Washington, said:

"In our own race," the speaker said, "peace has always been our grandest and most cherished ideal. It has run through our history and our prayers as a golden thread. Israel can live out its economic, industrial, civic, and religious salvation only if our race follows the lofty ideals of peaceful fraternalism."

He predicted that dynasties would be wiped out, and that present monarchies would adopt the republican form of government with the ideals of liberty, equality, fraternity and "peace to all men." One of his predictions was that the border lines of empires would be changed. Russia with the readjustment of the map of Europe would have to guarantee civic and religious freedom to the Hebrews of Russia.

We reprint this week in another column a testimony issued by the religious Society of Friends in England to men and women of good will in the British Empire, which our colleague, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, sends us through the troublous lines of war. It is a noble protest against war from the standpoint of religion, which after all is said and done, is the ultimate standpoint from which all political, industrial and civic issues have to be settled; for after making all admissions to scepticism, cynicism and doubt in all their varied forms, the fact remains that "there is a power not ourselves in the universe making for righteousness." And this power eventually crushes thrones, grinds crowns, relegates swords, cannon, bayonets and bullets to the junk heap of history and the exploiters of the same soon or late are sunk into oblivion.

It is not easy for us to be pleased with the "Hearst newspapers," with their too loud type and screaming headlines, and oftentimes unwise if not unjust exaggeration of facts and distortion of events, but we are not unmindful of the much ability displayed and very often the right causes worthily championed. It is easy to question the motives of a newspaper, too easy and too often practiced, perhaps, but the papers are doing apostolic work for peace in these days. Of the many rational things urged looking towards the pacification of the world by these newspapers, we heartily commend the suggestion that the present indolent, costly naval fleet of the United States be put to work on some life-serving commercial lines. The South American opportunity seems to be great, an interchange of commodities is mutually desirable; but neither South American republics nor our own have adequate shipping facilities, and the *American* sensibly asks:

Why not make our troop ships so far as may be trading ships to help South America help ourselves? Our battleships are steaming around burning up coal and exercising the men anyhow, why not make the exercise useful?

The Postmaster General of the United States has already anticipated the *American* in suggesting that a postal service should be established by using these idle "monsters of the deep." In some such way as this are we to reclaim our self-respect, redeem these degenerate days in international affairs.

A recent cartoon in the *Chicago American* tells in a series of six pictures the pathetic story of war's greatest atrocity, the insane waste by emperors and empires. The pictures are effective because there is no exaggeration, but the text is potent enough to preach its sermon without the artist's help. In the first panel we see the attractive baby, EVERYBODY'S BABY, playing with ball and tin soldiers, "the pride of his parents, the hope of the nation." The next we see the SCHOOL BOY with books under his arms and the little red school house in the distance, "developing his mind so that he may be a benefit to society." Then comes the man grown, directing the placing of the heavy stone in the building, the plans for which he

holds in his hand. He is the WORKER "adding to the wealth of the nation." Next we see the happy family group, the young father and mother playing with the baby. He is the HOME BUILDER, "the foundation of society, of the nation, of civilization itself." In the fifth we find the man in uniform standing at attention behind the gun. He is the RECRUIT, mobilized, taken from his home to fight against fellowmen taken from their homes and their work. The last picture is distressing in words, heart breaking in the picture. Under the dim light of the moon with his broken sword the mangled body lies. He is the MISSING, "lost to the widow and the orphan, lost to the nation, lost to civilization. 'But 'twas a famous victory!'" One such story known in real life or even pictured in a daily paper is crushing, but multiply this story by thousands and it sets nations a-cheering, bands playing, women waving flags and little boys and girls inflamed with dreams of glory and the pride of a lamentable patriotism that thrives by hate.

On our table lies the list of American delegates to the Church Peace Conference to be held at Constance, Switzerland, August 2-5, 1914. Here are fifty or more names nobly representing the ministers of the United States. Each of these names in its way represents a man famed in his department. Here are eminent preachers, well known publicists, leaders by word and pen. Along the side of this list of "delegates" is a list of twenty-three suggested topics for discussion, among which are such topics as: "The Third Hague Cnoference," "War Budgets and Peace Budgets," "The Use of the Religious Press for International Good Will," "The Peace Movement in Churches," "Foreign Missions and World Peace," "International Exchange of Preachers, Teachers and Students," and the closing topic is: "The World Congress of the Churches as an Outgrowth of this Conference." Alas, what has come of this splendid "Congress" so generously conceived, so inspiring in its promise? The fifty or more American ministers are entangled in the military meshes of belligerent Europe. They who want to sing peace anthems have been listening to the horrible rattle of musketry and the boom of cannon. They who went to wave the white banners of brotherhood have been watching the fell ships of the air dropping their bombs on innocent women and children. Was this conference that never was held a ghastly joke, a grim irony, the fitting butt of ridicule on the part of generals and admirals? By no means. The "grim joke," the "butt of ridicule" on the historian's page, the awful miscarriage, the flirtation of things transient, are all on the side of the leaders of armies, the perpetrators of these military outrages. They who are mobilizing their millions of men are swayed by wild disordered dreams such as follow the debaucheries of an ill-starred banquet. One by one the United States will welcome back its favorite sons. Let us hope that all of them have seen the worst and that they are on their way home. Of one thing the gory powers of Europe may be assured. That this "Conference" is only postponed. The name of the rallying place was well chosen. CONSTANCE is the fitting name for a citadel of peace. The conference that was not held August 2-5 may still be the most potent thing in the annals of Europe for 1914. Its influence will be most far-reaching.

A Confused Poet

William Watson, who has sounded so many hopeful notes for democracy; William Watson, who kept his head during the confused days when Great Britain undertook to lord it over the South African Boers; William Watson, upon whose lines we have hung with pleasure and from whom greater things were to be expected, has lost his long perspective, looking either backward or forward, which is the highest mark of a poet. The Britisher in him has confused the human in him. The cosmopolitan has been choked by the patriot. The submarine wires have brought us a "Pean to America" from his pen which opens with high appreciation of a "majestic nation" that keeps its calm, with a heart at peace from "pine to palm" while others start at fear of cannon.

But alas this poet has not been able to climb the Mount of Serenity and obtain the world vision when his old England becomes involved and he loses his patience with the United States because it does not "doff its pleasant mien and unleash its rage" and "sear and blast with lips of fire."

Did ever war's wolves disturb the muse more sadly than this: A poet unable to see in Germany nothing but a "despot swollen" with a desire of boundless sway; a poet without the discriminating sympathies that recognize the pathetic condition of the sixty million Germans which David Starr Jordan in a recent interview to the *Christian Commonwealth* of London says are opposed to the war policy of their own government; a poet who impatiently demands that this republic hating monarchy, distrusting aristocracy of all kinds, chief of all the aristocracy of the sword, does not make confusion worse confounded by plunging into the fray that thousands and thousands more homes may be torn with war's anxieties and more blood of the innocents be shed on European soil, or perhaps on our own field. He would have the United States, child of the "Fatherland" as well as of the "Mother Country," reared and guided by the masters of thought in Germany as well as in England, take sides and "sear and blast with its lips of fire."

Oh, England! How thou art bereft in having so few successors to the great master poets who have coun-

seled peace in times of war, urged reason in times of passion, taught the English speaking world to be calm in battle days.

There still remains Alfred Noyes, whose genius thus far has not been stampeded. His "Wine Press" shows that he has climbed the Mount of Vision higher than his fellow countryman, William Watson, for he sees beyond British rule and above the British Jack. He realizes that red blood courses in the veins of German, Russian, Frenchman, Turk and Belgian as well as Englishman. Oh, that England had won the calm when "old bounds were dissolved." Oh, that she might have remained "apart in her tower" that with the United States there might be two great nations to plead for the poise that seeks by the ways of diplomacy along the lines of law to settle the disputes and antagonisms that rest on such unreasonable foundations and unseasonable excitements.

Must Watson be regarded as one more "lost leader" who unconsciously reveals his limitations? Is he only an English poet when we are in such dire need of world poets? We might have expected some such explosion as this from Kipling, but from Watson we hoped for better things.

Where is the American poet who will display the meanness and narrowness of this "Pean to America" by interpreting in adequate measures the superior inspirations of humanity? Who will sing of the horrors of war, the atrocities against homes, the indignities to children perpetrated by this recrudescence of the brute in man? Where is the poet who will anticipate the verdict of history and show us that sad as is the lot of the conquered, they are fortunate children of Providence compared to the more cursed conquerors? Happy is the country or countries now engaged in this foolish unholy war that will win the unenviable blessings of defeat, for history amply proves the old proverb is as applicable to nations as to individuals: "It is better to go to a house of mourning than to a house of feasting."

But lest we may have been unjust to this poet of our love we print entire the painful

PEAN TO AMERICA.

LONDON, Aug. 24.—A poem entitled, "To the United States," by William Watson, is published in the Post today. It follows:

Great, Oh, Majestic Nation, great is calm;
Great when old bounds dissolve, to tower apart
There beyond Europe's throes and with a heart
At peace from northern pine to southern palm.
Great in glad harvest time to send the psalm
Rolling to heaven, nor he as they who start
At mutter of far cannon and when the mart
Rocks to and fro delirious, great is calm.
But when a despot, swollen with the desire
Of boundless sway, forbears not to uncage
War's Wolves on shieldless youth and guardian age,
Greater, Oh, Nation, greater then is ire!
Doff, then, thy placid mien, unleash thy rage!
And sear and blast with thy lips of fire.

The Next Step Forward for Unity

(Continued)

An old and faithful reader of UNITY from Chicago writes:

Enclosed find one dollar for new subscriber for UNITY. Wish I could send a thousand subscribers instead of one, but am glad to be able to do that much toward the Endowment Fund. I have always enjoyed UNITY and usually read it from beginning to end, but recently my eyes have become too poor to allow me to do it, so now I read what I think will be of most interest and try to content myself with reading the editorials.

I have been thinking of different people who might be interested in UNITY enough to subscribe. I settled upon my grand-niece in Milwaukee and she answered promptly.

From another Chicago reader:

The idea of extending the circulation of UNITY is a good one. Trust the balance of the Endowment Fund will speedily be realized. Thanks for the opportunity of aiding in the spread of the Gospel through the blessed little paper I value so highly. Now, if ever, the times are right for the message of peace on earth and universal brotherhood. God bless UNITY for its efforts toward this end.

From an Indiana pastor:

No paper comes to my desk that is more welcome. I devour them whole. Find enclosed my check for two dollars.

From a faithful reader in Auburn, Rhode Island:

I am glad to contribute my mite ($10.00) to the Unity Fund. It might be called a thank offering under the circumstances. Wife and I had made aarrangements to take a long deferred trip through Holland, England and France, and were to sail on the Cunard on August 4. Then came the war. I hope to be able to replace the ten dollars in my ticket fund by the time we are ready to go. The horrors of war are to be suffered by the whole world directly or indirectly. Let us hope the overwhelming extent of this horror will wake the people to a realization of the wastefulness of the methods called for by the theory of "In times of peace prepare for war" by building battleships and increasing standing armies."

From a Chicago teacher:

I have a new subscriber for you. I wish I could get a hundred more. The paper is such a help in every way. I do not have time to read the newspapers much, and UNITY keeps me alive to what is going on in the world. I look forward to it every week.

From a southern Rabbi:

I shall be very grateful to continue to receive UNITY.

From a Nebraska editor:

I always read the editorials in UNITY.

From Northwood, Minnesota:

Enclosed find name for new subscriber. For many years I have found UNITY a source of strength, a thought provoker, a heart comforter, a source of soul food, and send this subscription in the hope it may bring knowledge and food to the one named. I would be glad to be able to send more.

From a German reader in Wisconsin:

I am enclosing a dollar to pay for a year's subscription according to the offer in UNITY of August 13. I believe the lady named will appreciate UNITY and perhaps become a permanent subscriber. I cannot think of any other person in this town who would be likely to subscribe. If there are any back numbers on hand I wish you would let the subscription begin with August 6.

From a minister in Washington:

UNITY is head and shoulders above the rest. I find constant help and strength from the message. I hope I can secure a new subscriber. Our community is small and the people are of slender means, but of the kind that know the worth of UNITY.

To Men and Women of Goodwill in the British Empire

A Message from the Religious Society of Friends

We find ourselves today in the midst of what may prove to be the fiercest conflict in the history of the human race. Whatever may be our view of the processes which have led to its inception, we have now to face the fact that war is proceding upon a terrific scale and that our own country is engaged in it. We recognize that our government has made most strenuous efforts to preserve peace, and has entered into the war under a grave sense of duty to a smaller State towards which we had moral and treaty obligations. While, as a society, we stand firmly to the belief that the method of force is no solution of any question, we hold that the present moment is not one for criticism, but for devoted service to our nation.

What is to be the attitude of Christian men and women and of all who believe in the brotherhood of humanity? In the distress and perplexity of this new situation, many are so stunned as scarcely to be able to discern the path of duty. In the sight of God we should seek to get back to first principles, and to determine on a course of action which shall prove us to be worthy citizens of His Kingdom. In making this effort let us remember those groups of men and women, in all the other nations concerned, who will be animated by a similar spirit, and who believe with us that the fundamental unity of men in the family of God is the one enduring reality, even when we are forced into an apparent denial of it.

Although it would be premature to make any pronouncement upon many aspects of the situation on which we have no sufficient data for a reliable judgment, we can, and do, call ourselves and you to a consideration of certain principles which may be safely enunciated.

1. The conditions which have made this catastrophe possible must be regarded by us as essentially unchristian. This war spells the bankruptcy of much that we too lightly call Christian. No nation, no Church, no individual can be wholly exonerated. We have all participated to some extent in these conditions. We have been content, or too little discontented, with them. If we apportion blame, let us not fail first to blame ourselves, and to seek the forgiveness of Almighty God.

2. In the hour of darkest night it is not for us to lose heart. Never was there greater need for men of faith. To many will come the temptation to deny God, and to turn away with despair from the Christianity which seems to be identified with bloodshed on so gigantic a scale. Christ is crucified afresh today. If some forsake Him and flee, let it be more clear that there are others who take their stand with Him, come what may.

3. This we may do by continuing to show the spirit of love to all. For those whose conscience forbids them to take up arms there are other ways of serving, and definite plans are already being made to enable them to take their full share in helping their country at this crisis. In pity and helpfulness towards the suffering and stricken in our own country we shall all share. If we stop at this, "what do we more than others?" Our Master bids us pray for and love our enemies. May we be saved from forgetting that they too are the children of our Father. May we think of them with love and pity. May we banish thoughts of bitterness, harsh judgments, the revengeful spirit. To do this is in no sense unpatriotic. We may find ourselves the subjects of misunderstanding. But our duty is clear—to be courageous in the cause of love and in the hate of hate. May we prepare ourselves even now for the day when once more we shall stand shoulder to shoulder with those with whom we are now at war, in seeking to bring in the Kingdom of God.

4. It is not too soon to begin to think out the new situation which will arise at the close of the war. We are being compelled to face the fact that the human race has been guilty of a gigantic folly. We have built up a culture, a civilization, and even a religious life, surpassing in many respects that of any previous age, and we have been content to rest it all upon a foundation of sand. Such a state of society cannot endure so long as the last word in human affairs is brute force. Sooner or later it was bound to crumble. At the close of this war we shall be faced with a stupendous task of reconstruction. In some ways it will be rendered supremely difficult by the legacy of ill-will, by the destruction of human life, by the tax upon all in meeting the barest wants of the millions who will have suffered through the war. But in other ways it will be easier. We shall be able to make a new start, and to make it all together. From this point of view we may even see a ground of comfort in the fact that our own nation is involved. No country will be in a position which will compel others to struggle again to achieve the inflated standard of military power existing before the war. We shall have an opportunity of reconstructing European culture upon the only possible permanent foundation—mutual trust and good will. Such a reconstruction would not only secure the future of European civilization, but would save the world from the threatened catastrophe of seeing the great nations of the East building their new social order also upon the sand, and thus turning the thought and wealth needed for their education and development into that which could only be a fetter to themselves and a menace to the West. Is it too much to hope for, that we shall, when this time comes, be able as brethren together to lay down far-reaching principles for the future of mankind such as will insure us forever against a repetition of this gigantic folly? If this is to be accomplished it will need the united and persistent pressure of all who believe in such a future for mankind. There will still be multitudes who can see no good in the culture of other nations, and who are unable to believe in any genuine brotherhood among those of different races. Already those who think otherwise must begin to think and plan for such a future if the supreme opportunity of the final peace is not to be lost, and if we are to be saved from being again sucked down into the whirlpool of military aggrandizement and rivalry. In time of peace all the nations have been preparing for war. In the time of war let all men of good will prepare for peace. The Christian conscience must be awakened to the magnitude of the issues. The great friendly democracies in each country must be ready to make their influence felt. Now is the time to speak of this thing, to work for it, to pray for it.

5. If this is to happen it seems to us of vital importance that the war should not be carried on in any vindicative spirit, and that it should be brought to a close at the earliest possible moment. We should have it clearly before our minds from the beginning that we are not going into it in order to crush and humiliate any nation. The conduct of negotiations has taught us the necessity of prompt action in international affairs. Should the opportunity offer, we, in this nation, should be ready to act with promptitude in demanding that the terms suggested are of a kind which it will be possible for all parties to accept, and that the negotiations be entered upon in the right spirit.

6. We believe in God. Human freewill gives us power to hinder the fulfillment of His loving purposes. It also means that we may actively co-operate with Him. If it is given to us to see something of a glorious possible future, after all the desolation and sorrow that lie before us, let us be sure that sight has been given us by Him. No day should close without our putting up our prayer to Him that He will lead His family into a new and better day. At a time when so severe a blow is being struck at the great causes of moral, social, and religious reform for which so many have struggled, we need to look with expectation and confidence to Him, whose cause they are, and find a fresh inspiration in the certainty of His victory.

June 8, 1914.

A great integrity makes us immortal; an inspiration, an admiration, a deep love, a strong will, lifts us above fear. It makes a day memorable. We say we lived years in that hour.—*Emerson.*

Some Impressions of South America

South America is so different from her northern sister that the contrasts almost overwhelm one. In fact the conditions under which the peoples of the two regions are working out their fortunes are so widely different that any comparisons are apt to be misleading.

Populations.—In our own country we are so accustomed to the ingress of large numbers of foreigners and to their comparatively rapid absorption, that we no longer realize the extent to which the United States is a true "melting pot" of races; but with us this blending is chiefly of white races. We have not absorbed the native Americans and are apparently unwilling to absorb our millions of negro citizens. South Americans are more thoroughgoing. They have solved the negro and Indian problems, or rather they assert these problems have never existed. To be sure the degree of mixture and its perfection vary greatly. In the northern coast cities of Brazil the population of black and red skins runs well over ninety per cent of the total and seems to be in process of absorbing the native white. We were entertained by the Secretary of State of the province of Bahia, who was a mulatto. His wife was a full blood Indian, a family said to be fairly typical of the race amalgamation which is going on in the coast provinces of the tropical portion of Brazil. Of course the population of the inland regions of the country remains as it has always been, pure Indian practically unaffected by any outside influences.

As one goes southward along the coast the preponderance of the negro and the Indian in the city populations disappears. At Rio the average man on the streets is but little darker than the average man in a Portuguese or Italian city, and though there is said to be a certain pride in purity of blood on the part of the well to do, one is given the impression that this is a pride of lineage similar to that felt by those who pride themselves on being pure German or English rather than one which has its basis in aversion to men of other racial ancestry. Certainly there is no discrimination against persons of color in street cars, in schools or in public life.

In point of racial composition the people of the southern provinces of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentine and Chile stand at the opposite end of the scale. Their colder climate attracted more men from temperate climes even in the colonial days, and they have been since the recipients of the largest streams of European immigration that have gone to South America. The result is that though there is here also no race question such as our American public talks about, it is the white not the colored element which predominates.

Agriculture.—The wide range of climate which seems by a process of natural selection to be determining the preponderance of the colored races in northern South America and of the white races in the south naturally involves a wide variance in agricultural resources—the great wealth of South America which the Spanish conquerors neglected and which the modern commercial nations have as yet only tapped. The cocoa and rubber districts of the north we did not see. Both already contribute largely to the world's commerce and are capable of increasing their production almost indefinitely. The tobacco of Bahia is in South America ranked with that of Cuba, the coffee of the southern provinces of Brazil already supplies more than half of that product which finds its way to the world's market. Sugar in Brazil and the northern Argentine is the basis of an industry already important, which promises to exceed the production of the West Indies.

In live stock production also South American possibilities are already forecast by performance. In the northern Argentine and southern Brazil the heavy grass country can support more cattle per square mile the year around than any similar region in the world. The grade of these cattle is perhaps one of the greatest surprises to the average tourist. His ideas of Argentine cattle are drawn from the picturesque stories about the gauchos—the Argentine cowboys. He expects to find large herds similar to the Texas longhorns of a generation ago, driven over unfenced prairies and valuable chiefly for their hides. The fact is quite the contrary. The Argentine is distinctively a beef country and in the quality of its production is rapidly approaching the standard of our own cattle; indeed, the large-boned, rangy Spanish stock is already conspicuous by its infrequent appearance.

On the large estancias the owners take great pride in the purity of their shorthorn and hereford stock. On one estancia, owned by Luiz Pereyra, we saw eighty bulls, herefords and shorthorns imported from England and America, which made as fine a display as one sees in a western state fair. On the west coast the live stock is less promising. Chilean cattle are good, but Peru, with its dense population on irrigated lands, does not promise well as a range country, and its cattle for this reason are less important and less cared for.

Communications.—To make agricultural wealth available for the use of the world, of course the prime consideration is good facilities for communication. In this respect South America is backward indeed. It is a continent which is chiefly dependent on the river barge and the mule for bringing the average man into touch with the outside world. The Argentine and Chile are least so dependent, but Brazil has no important railroads to the interior and the railways of the northwest coast work against high gradients and high coal cost which can be borne with profit only when the road serves some exceptionally profitable branch of big business like the nitrate industry of the west coast of Chile.

To be sure South America is endowed in parts with the most remarkable series of waterways known to the world—the Amazon-La Plata system—but these serve regions for the present largely undeveloped and which lie under the disadvantage of the difficult tropical climate. Nor have wagon roads been well developed to supplement the rivers. The population is so sparse that their maintenance would be a serious burden and the products to be carried are few. Of course this is not true of large areas in Argentine and Chile, nor of the areas around all the chief cities, but it is true now, as it was in the colonial period, that South America taken as a whole is without roads. It hardly needs argument to enforce the conclusion that a country still dependent on river transportation and the mule and llama trains cannot be expected to occupy an important position in world commerce.

Settlement.—But it may well be asked, if the country is rich, why doesn't the same sort of development which North America saw in the nineteenth century come to South America in the twentieth. The reasons which stand out most strongly are partly physical, partly social. The most important is that South America is not rich as North America was rich. There is a comparatively small area in temperate regions. The great wealth of the continent is in the tropics, a condition not even compensated by the fact that much of the land in lower latitudes is elevated high above the sea. In this respect North and South America are almost the reverse of each other. North America has its narrow portion extending southward into the tropics—the bulk of the country is what is commonly known as white man's country. South America has a narrow portion extending south into the temperate region; the greater part of the territory lies in the tropics and is a region in which white men have not been able to live permanently and reproduce their kind. Quite apart from any question of tropical diseases—still a standing menace to the white man—most of South America is distinctly not white man's country.

The other chief reasons why South American wealth has not been developed are social. The immigrant has not gone in large numbers to South America, even to the temperate parts of the continent, because the economic opportunities for the man without capital there have not been so great as elsewhere, especially in the northern continent. There is no parallel to be drawn between the conditions of settlement even in the Argentine and Chile, with those which existed in North America in the early years of the nineteenth century. The standard of life, the customs of the country, the conditions of land holding are all less favorable when compared with the home conditions the immigrant leaves than was the case with the men who went out to people the central west. In the United States the poor man went west to free land and by his industry could make himself a member of a rapidly growing prosperous middle class. South America so far as land has passed into private hands is a continent of large estates, and the only free land is so far away and given on such terms as to be undesirable. Land holding is still feudalistic. The small farmer as we know him does not exist. To be sure the most progressive countries, such as the Argentine and Chile, are struggling with the land problem, and have made some advance in legislation for the breaking up of the big estates. This has, however, so far been confined to laws regulating the inheritance of land—providing, for example, in the Argentine that the property of an owner deceased must be divided among the children and not kept in one large estate. There has been no thoroughgoing attempt to induce the sale of the land by taxation of undeveloped areas; indeed in most of South America there is paid no land tax at all. As a result any change in the present condition of landholding will continue to be slow and the possibility of attracting immigrants by favorable homesteading conditions will be small until more radical measures in favor of the small holder are adopted—and enforced.

The social conditions are even less attractive for the immigrant day laborer. It is hard for us to realize that free labor does not exist anywhere south of the Rio Grande. Whether we speak of the Mexican peon or the laboring class of Chile, there is, except in the large cities, no large body of independent day laborers in Latin America. The system of forced service in satisfaction for debts incurred has had its edges softened, it is true, in the laws, but the custom of generations has hardly been disturbed. An improvident population long used to working for the landlord who owns the surrounding leagues does not easily change its habits.

The poor man and the day laborer alike in South America taken as a whole find no opportunity to make themselves members of an independent middle class. There is none, and the custom of the country is too strong to be broken by individuals.

The result of these conditions is that great as the opportunities offered by South America appear on paper, it is not a continent which attracts immigrants. North of Rio de Janeiro the number of immigrants arriving annually is negligible, and south of the city there is only one region, the Argentine, which attracts as many as 100,000 a year. One province in Brazil, Sao Paulo, is the seat of a rapidly growing Italian colony, but German immigration to southern Brazil, formerly so promising, has now dwindled almost to the vanishing point. The local life of the German population is still vigorous, but the dream of a great state in South America of German stock and language seems destined to end in disappointment. The Welsh colony at Port Madryn in Patagonia, also, is not being largely increased by immigration, even though it has been granted a large degree of autonomy in both governmental and tariff matters. In Chile there is a prosperous German colony in the fertile agricultural section around Valdivia, but there is no influx of settlers from the mother country.

Still the statesmen of South America look upon their continent as the continent of the future, the one which in the twentieth century is to draw off the surplus population of Europe. It is a worthy ambition, this desire to see the national resources used for the world's needs, but one which seems likely to be realized more slowly than the enthusiasts believe. In the southern portion of the continent it may come comparatively soon. Climatic conditions are favorable and the far seeing are not only willing but anxious to shape social conditions in ways which will favor the immigrant. The northern regions have a more serious problem. These lands are not the land of the future in the way our middle West once was. It is there not merely a question of economic conditions, immigration and settlement. What northern South America will become depends on future triumphs of science over nature, on the control of tropical diseases, on the development of communications, and, most important, on the outworking of the abilities of the mixed and colored races which are now and seem sure to remain the bulk of its population.

CHESTER LLOYD JONES,
University of Wisconsin.

A child should never be regarded as a criminal, but as a victim of crime. No child can create his own environment. Boys have often been punished for wrong-doing when it would be just about as sensible to whip a child for having diphtheria or typhoid.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

Chapter XVII.

JOHN BROWN CONFIDES HIS GREAT ENTERPRISE TO HIS FRIENDS.

The Diary:

February 18, 1858. Our dear old and noble friend, Captain John Brown of Kansas arrives this evening.
February 22. F. B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass., arrives.
February 24. F. B. Sanborn leaves us this A. M.
February 25. Our friend Captain Brown leaves us today.

Brown had left Kansas for the East in January. After a stop in Ohio he appeared at the house of Frederick Douglass in Rochester, where he remained, in seclusion, for some little time, busying himself about various matters. To Douglass he talked freely of his great enterprise, having disclosd it to him, as it will be remembered, more than ten years before. He drew on a board a plan of a chain of mountain fastnesses for Douglass to inspect, and explained that the idea contemplated underground passages from one to the other, so that if a single fortification were to be captured, he with his forces might retire to a second, and there, lying in ambush, take the enemy unawares. Douglass confesses that he was less interested in these plans than his children were. Another of Brown's occupations while at the home of Douglass was the drawing up of a constitution for his followers; such a constitution as fell into the hands of the government when he was captured at Harper's Ferry. He wrote many letters, also, to his trusted friends, among others to Sanborn, Theodore Parker, Mr. Higginson, George Lee Stearns and Gerrit Smith. To one and all he hinted of a plan of great importance in the interest to which all were devoted, stating that funds would be needed to carry it out. The sum he mentioned was a very modest one, five to eight hundred dollars. Sanborn, Parker, Higginson and Stearns he asked to meet him at Gerrit Smith's house in Peterboro, for discussion of his plans. He received letters while at Douglass' house under the name of N. Hawkins.

As the Diary states, Brown was at Peterboro on the evening of February 18. The day following, Edwin Morton, tutor to Greene Smith, residing at Peterboro, a friend and classmate of Sanborn's, wrote Sanborn, at Brown's request, repeating his invitation to him to come to Peterboro for consultation. Neither Parker, Stearns nor Higginson were able to make the journey, and Sanborn went alone, arriving, as the Diary states, on the 22d.

According to Sanborn Brown had already partially presented his plan of direct attack upon slavery to Gerrit Smith before his arrival. The evening meal over, Mr. Smith invited Sanborn to Mr. Morton's room in the third story of the mansion, and there, Morton being present, Brown set forth his project. His hearers were not convinced either of the wisdom or the feasibility of his plan, and stated the objections that arose in their minds. To every objection Brown was ready with an answer. His earnestness was most intense, his conviction of the righteousness of the undertaking absolute and his assurance of success complete. That is to say, he cherished the utmost confidence that the assault he proposed making on slavery in its strongholds would result in bringing the iniquity to an end. Until after midnight the discussion was continued, and it was resumed on the morning of the following day. What Brown wanted of his friends was money and only money. He declared that the men for the enterprise were already engaged, pledged to the service. And he had arms sufficient for the first onslaught. He lacked funds, but five hundred to a thousand dollars would be sufficient. It was apparent that, whether aided or not, Brown would attempt his project, unless, indeed, his friends were to become his betrayers. At this point we will let Mr. Sanborn relate the story:

As the sun was setting over the snowy hills of the region where we met, I walked for an hour with Gerrit Smith among those woods and fields (then included in his broad manor) which his father had purchased of the Indians and bequeathed to him. Brown was left at home by the fire, discussing points of theology with Charles Stewart, an old captain under Wellington, who also happened to be visiting at the house, Mr. Smith restated in his eloquent way the daring propositions of Brown, whose import he understood fully; and then said in substance: "You see how it is; our dear old friend has made up his mind to this course, and cannot be turned from it. We cannot give him up to die alone; we must support him. I will raise so many hundred dollars for him; you must lay the case before your friends in Massachusetts and perhaps they will do the same. I see no other way." For myself, I had reached the same conclusion, and engaged to bring the scheme at once to the attention of the three Massachusetts men to whom Brown had written, and also of Dr. S. G. Howe, who had sometimes favored action almost as extreme as this proposed by Brown. I returned to Boston on the 25th of February, and on the same day communicated the enterprise to Theodore Parker and Wentworth Higginson. At the suggestion of Parker, Brown, who had gone to Brooklyn, was invited to visit Boston secretly, and did so on the 4th of March, taking a room at the American House in Hanover street and remaining for the most part in his room during the four days of his stay. Mr. Parker was deeply interested in the project but not very sanguine of its success. He wished to see it tried, believing that it must do good even if it failed. Brown remained at the American House until Monday, March 8th, when he departed for Philadelphia. On the 6th of March he wrote to his son John, from Boston: "My call here has met with a most hearty response, so that I feel assured of at least tolerable success. I ought to be thankful for this. All has been effected by quiet meeting of a few choice friends, it being scarcely known that I have been in the city."

As has been stated before in these pages, Brown possessed a singular power over men. It was shown in his own family, his own sons perilling their lives and surrendering their lives for projects in which most certainly they never would have thought of embarking but for him. It was shown by the attachment of his recruits to him in his Kansas campaigns. The source of his influence most unmistakably lay in his moral earnestness, his unshakeable conviction of the righteousness of his cause and his quiet, dauntless courage. He never minimized the risks and dangers, never held out promises of material rewards. All who enlisted with him actively knew well that wounds and death might more than likely be for them the end. It is not at all strange that the men to whom he had now communicated his long cherished plans should have been won over against their better judgments.

Brown coveted young Sanborn as a recruit for the campaign, as a fellow soldier in the military invasion of the slave empire, and on the day after Sanborn's departure from Peterboro he wrote urging him to join his force. In this letter the lofty and even religious

nature of the undertaking is expressed, and its possible end in martyrdom for those who should engage in it is not withheld:

What an inconceivable amount of good you might effect by your counsel, your example, your encouragement, your natural and acquired ability for active service! And then, how very little we can possibly lose! Certainly, the cause is enough to *live* for, if not to —— for. I have only had this one opportunity in a life of nearly sixty years; and could I be continued ten times as long again, I might not again have an equal opportunity. God has honored but comparatively a very small part of mankind with any possible chance for such mighty and soul-satisfying rewards.

Sanborn, young, ardent, devoted to his older friend and honoring, nay revering him for his perfect self-abnegation, felt the force of his appeal.

"That it did not draw me into the field as one of Brown's band," he explains, "was due to the circumstances that the interests of other persons were then too much in my hands and in my thoughts to permit a change in my whole course of life."

The Diary:

April 2, 1858. My esteemed friend, Captain John Brown and his son John came at 10 a. m. 3. They leave at 6 a. m.

Further discussion of Brown's enterprise took place during this visit. Brown was on his way to Canada and had taken Peterboro en route. A few days later he is in St. Catherines, writing from which place to his son John he makes a characteristic allusion to Harriet Tubman, the negress mentioned in an earlier chapter of the present work. "Harriet Tubman," he says, "hooked on *his* whole team at once. *He* (Harriet) is the most of a man, naturally, I ever met with." Brown was pleased to have Harriet's co-operation, as her influence with colored men was naturally supposed by him to be very strong. Colored men of the right stripe were wanted by the crusader for his band.

From Canada, Brown went West to gather his forces preparatory to his descent on the South. Meantime, Col. Forbes had been busy writing letters to Sanborn and others of the secret supporters of the enterprise, repeating his threat to reveal Brown's whole scheme to the government, and it appeared from his letters that he was familiar with it in every detail. Under the circumstances to permit Brown to go would have been to allow him to rush to death and to foredoomed ruin to his plan. Gerrit Smith wrote to Sanborn from Peterboro, May 7:

It seems to me that in these circumstances Brown must go no further, and so I wrote him. I never was convinced of the wisdom of his scheme. But as things now stand, it seems that it would be madness to attempt to execute it. Colonel Forbes would make such an attempt a certain and most disastrous failure. I write Brown this evening.

Higginson and Howe were against postponement of the undertaking, being inclined to underrate the ability of Forbes to work injury. But that individual had already informed prominent Republican leaders of Brown's intentions, and was daily writing letters bristling with threats to carry his revelations where they would work utmost harm. The situation soon became so critical that both Howe and Higginson agreed with Smith and the other men of the inside group, and Brown, though with deep reluctance, consented to a postponement of his plan. He was not, however, to be idle, but to spend the time of waiting, according to his own program, in advancing the cause of freedom in Kansas. Although Brown had made a very thorough-going mistake in engaging Colonel Forbes, and taking him so fully into his counsels, thus, as it proved, risking everything, none of the members of the secret company of his supporters had lost confidence in him. Gerrit Smith wrote to Sanborn, expressing his willingness to continue his aid to Brown. The letter follows:

Peterboro, July 26, 1858.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn.

My dear Sir,—I have your letter of the 23rd instant. I have great faith in the wisdom, integrity and bravery of Captain Brown. For several years I have frequently given him money to sustain him in his contest with the slave power. Whenever he shall embark in another of these contests I shall again stand ready to help him; and I will begin with giving him a hundred dollars. I do not wish to know Captain Brown's plans; I hope he will keep them to himself. Can you not visit us this summer? We shall be very glad to see you.

With great regard, your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.[2]

About this time Brown was organizing or had organized another company in Kansas for duty in that still disturbed region. He had taken the name of Shubel Morgan, and having allowed his beard to grow, his disguise was sufficient to answer his purposes. Mr. Sanborn gives the rules of this company. They included injunctions against bad manners, bad language, and the use of intoxicants as a beverage. Brown like Cromwell, believed that the only kind of persons to be depended upon in a military campaign were sober, respectful, self-disciplined men. He felt the utmost abhorence for men of any other character. He said to James Redpath:

"I would rather have the small pox, yellow fever and cholera all together in my camp, than a man without principles. It's a mistake, sir, that our people make, when they think that bullies are the best fighters, or that they are the men fit to oppose these Southerners. Give me men of good principles, God-fearing men; men who respect themselves—and with a dozen of them, I will oppose any hundred such men as these Buford ruffians."

Among the other rules to which the members of Captain Shubal Morgan's company were pledged, was one imposing upon them the duty of treating prisoners with kindness and respect.

With his company Brown patrolled the border, near the Missouri line, until in midsummer his old enemy, ague, laid hold of him and held him down for six weeks. "I was never any more sick," he wrote to his wife. He recovered, and in December entered Missouri, forcibly liberated eleven slaves and with masterly ability carried them to Canada. This was the achievement mentioned by Brown when under examination after his capture at Harper's Ferry. With the slaves Brown took some property from the masters as an aid to their escape. When he reached Tabor, Iowa, with his convoy the good people of that town, who had supported him so earnestly in his prior undertakings, voiced decided disapproval of his invasion of another state and freeing slaves by violence; but the people of Grinnell, which also lay in his line of march, heartily approved of what he had done, and aided him with cheering words and supplies for his further journey.

When the news of this exploit reached Gerrit Smith it awakened throb of grateful appreciation in the breast of that dauntless friend of freedom, as shown in the following letter to Sanborn:

Peterboro, Jan. 22, 1859.

My Dear Sir:—I have yours of the 19th. I am happy to learn that the Underground Railroad is so prosperous in Kan-

1. Sanborn, Life of John Brown, p. 458.
2. Sanborn, Life of John Brown, p. 467.

sas. I cannot help it now, in the midst of the numberless calls upon me. But I send you twenty-five dollars, which I wish you to send to our noble friend John Brown. Perhaps you can get some other contributions to send along with it. He is doubtless in great need of all he can get. The topography of Missouri is unfavorable. Would that a spur of the Alleghany extended from the east to the west borders of the state! Mr. Morton has not yet returned. We hope he may come tonight.

In haste, your friend,
GERRIT SMITH.[3]

P. S. Dear Theodore Parker! May heaven preserve him to us!

Mr. Smith's principles were not likely to be shocked by Brown's act in invading a slave state, taking slaves from their masters by force and laying hands on such property in the way of confiscation as might be helpful to the success of the exploit. In that address to slaves drawn up by him, to which allusion has been made, negroes were advised, in escaping, to take such things as they were in need of (nothing further), and he had relied for justification of such advice upon the unrequited labor forced upon slaves by their masters. And as he admitted no law for slavery anywhere, as little in slave states as in free, he would regard the rescuing of slaves from bondage as an act justifying itself.[4]

The Diary:

April 11, 1859. Captain John Brown of Kansas and his friend, Mr. Anderson, come at 11 A. M.

April 14. They leave us at six this morning.

During this visit of the Kansas hero to Peterboro a public meeting was gotten up for him by Mr. Smith. Edwin Morton, writing to his friend Sanborn, declared that Brown, in the speech he made, was at times exceedingly eloquent. Mr. Smith was aroused to more than usual enthusiasm, and put his name down for four hundred dollars on the subscription paper that was passed about in the interest of Brown's project. Mr. Morton announced his own conversion to the great plan, as a result of Brown's talks. He had certified his conversion by giving twenty-five dollars. Hitherto he had been doubtful.

From Peterboro Brown went for a brief visit to his home at North Elba, and thence to Concord, to the house of Sanborn, where, says Sanborn, "he spent half of his last birthday with me." In June word was received that Brown was in Andover, Ohio, and early in July he was in the hills of Virginia and Maryland, looking over the ground for the establishment of his "mill," or "sheep ranch," or "mine." Meantime this letter had been written to him by Mr. Smith, a letter that was found at the Kennedy farm after Brown's capture at Harper's Ferry:

Peterboro, June 4, 1859.

Captain John Brown.

My dear Friend,—I wrote you a week ago, directing my letter to the care of Mr. Stearns. He replied, informing me that he had forwarded it to Westport; but as Mr. Morton received last evening a letter from Mr. Sanborn, saying your address would be your son's home,—namely, West Andover,—I therefore write you without delay, and direct your letter to your son. I have done what I could thus far for Kansas, and what I could to keep you at your Kansas work. Losses by indorsement and otherwise have brought me under heavy embarassment the last two years, but I must, nevertheless, continue to do, in order to keep you at your Kansas work. I send you herewith my draft for two hundred dollars. Let me hear from you on receipt of this letter. You live in our hearts, and our prayer to God is that you may have strength to continue in your Kansas work. My wife joins me in affectionate regard to you, dear John, whom we both hold in very high esteem. I suppose you put the Whitman note into Mr. Stearn's hands. It will be a great shame if Mr. Whitman does not pay it. What a noble man is Mr. Stearns! How liberally he has contributed to keep you in your Kansas work.

Your friend,
GERRIT SMITH.

3. Sanborn, Life of John Brown, p. 483.

4. It has been declared by a leading historian that the activities of John Brown in Kansas had no real influence in saving the Territory to freedom. This has never been the opinion of Kansans most competent to judge; e. g., thirty leading citizens of the State were asked, seven years ago, to name the six persons whom they considered the greatest of all who had been active in the State's affairs. Twenty-three answers were received, and upon tabulating the lists the verdict was found to be in favor of the following men: John J. Ingalls, Preston B. Plumb, George T. Anthony, John Brown, David J. Brewer and James H. Lane. Of the chosen great ones, only Brown and Lane belonged to the age of the territorial struggle for freedom. Charles Robinson, the first free State Governor, had the same number of votes as Lane; so that the group would have included him had seven great Kansans been called for instead of six. In that case, the list of most eminent Kansans during the era of "bleeding Kansas" would have stood: Brown, Lane, Robinson, with Brown's name in the lead. This, in face of much deliberate and determined depreciation of John Brown in later years, by various writers, is significant, and may be accepted as the true verdict regarding his connection with the Territory, based on the facts of history.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Day at Sweet Brier Farm

Dawn, in the country,—and unseen fingers silently slip over the door into dreamland, and the rush of morning sounds calls the sleeper from his night time journeyings. Not reluctantly, for note of bird and twitter of birdling mingle with the swish and wash of the water, and consciousness returns as the surface of Pine Lake grows purple and pink and white, and the morning miracle, "the sunrise, a perpetual tuning fork, a look of God's face once in the day," takes place before us.

Then come the sounds of early bathers, the gurgle, the splash, the shouts of conquered fear as the dip is made,—and the dripping forms glide home just as the rising bell, as from some stray cow, tinkles down the board walk.

Breakfast,—and out of the window, and across the fields, the narrows of Pine Lake stretch, gray and indistinct in the morning mist, and like a crook'd finger beckon on to the end of the lake, and as we rise from the table the sweet notes of a hymn call us for a chapter and a prayer and a bit of spiritual uplift. Heaven seems nearer in the country than in the city,—and away from the sound of cars and motors, where man and money are the people's gods, we find that nature is still in the hands of Nature's God, and we look across the twinkling waters and feel that "all's right with the world."

Then out into the open we go, to choose our pursuits willy nilly, the game of quoits, the tennis court, the morning row, or perhaps letters are to be finished for the mail bag. But best of all is the long walk around the shore of the lake, brushing the daisies and clover aside with our feet, hearing the lapping of the waves and the call of the birds, the swish of the grass and the rustle of the leaves, and we walk on to *nowhere*, and *back again*.

Then the steamer "Hum," like some big bee, buzzes up to our dock, and pokes its head into our posy bed, taking away some of the honey, as a loved guest leaves, or mayhap, brushing a bit of pollen into our hive, as a new guest arrives.

Mailtime, with a bit of a homesick feeling, comes and goes, and a band of congenial friends gather in

the shade of the old apple tree for a reading class,—a chapter on China, or a bit from a modern novel, with much exchange of thought, and so spirit answers to spirit, and friend finds friend. Stevenson says: "We are all travelers in what John Bunyan calls 'the wilderness of this world,' and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend. He is a fortunate voyager who finds many. We travel indeed to find them."

Dinner in the dining room,—and new thoughts are exchanged, perhaps experiences from eye witnesses of the Ohio floods, or a bit of friendly gossip of the charming people gathered here, or of a new book or play,—and all the time, through the open window, the narrows glow in the noon day sun, and bend, as a crook'd finger, beckoning us on to the end of the lake.

After dinner, caterpillar like, we roll ourselves up in darkened room, and with a book, the sandman's best assistant, we read or doze the hot hours away, and when the merry voices of the bathers reach us from the lake, as butterflies we emerge, having donned a fresh ribbon or a gayer gown.

The verandas fill with happy folk, sewing, crocheting, reading and conversing; the children stream from beach to orchard, and, once more, the welcome sound of the bell calls us to supper in the dining room,—and through the open window the shadows gather over the narrows of Pine Lake, which, like a crook'd finger, beckons on to East Jordan. Does it also lie in a land of Promise?

After supper the sunset,—which as a moving picture show has set up business at the end of the board walk. As Van Dyke says:

"Thou hast taken me into the tent of the world, O God,
And I saw that the curtains of the world were shaken,
And I looked beyond them to the eternal camp fires of my friend."

And this camp fire, as on a sacred altar, shall burn low, only to renew itself at the close of another day, keeping us constantly minded of the friend of friends.

Then we move down to the beach, where other friends, with spirit like unto this friend, have piled high the driftwood for a beach fire, and as it flames up it seems a bit of fire from the sacred altar which has found a hearthstone on the shore of Pine Lake.

And the round moon comes up big and red, and then turns to silver as it mounts above the mists and climbs zenithward. And the star points open many tiny peek holes into the brightness beyond. "If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years," said Emerson, "how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown!"

Could marshmallows taste better than when toasted at such a fire, under such a sky, and in such company?

Then "good nights," and back to our cottage,—and through the open window, on the face of the sky, one great star dripped, ready to fall in sorrow for the pitiful cityful, left to grind at the mills. But the great round moon showed no such thought, for, as a wide-open eye, when the other has been shut in a knowing wink, it smiled as though saying that the joke was on them this time.

And, as I went to sleep, I thought I saw Pine Lake as it narrows away beyond the ferry, beckon to me as a crook'd finger, and I dreamed that I followed on.

I wonder,—*is* it "better to travel hopefully, than to arrive?"

ANNE REID.

The Indiana Women Testify

The National Suffrage Association, the General Federation of Woman's Clubs and the National W. C. T. U. have been asking all the Women's Clubs to pass resolutions reciting the fact that war is a great menace to the women and children of the world and providing that an appeal to the women be made immediately to shape sentiments in the favor of peace and arbitration in the settlement of disputes. At a recent meeting in Indianapolis, Mrs. Grace Julian Clark gave an address on the Destructiton of Latent Capabilities, in which she said:

"Who can say whether an embryo Goethe or Schiller may not already have offered up his life in the trenches before Liege? Among the thousands of English soldiers who so jauntily embarked the other day to join the French and Belgians, there may have been a possible Shakespeare or Milton who will never again breathe his native air. The ranks of the Russians may contain a budding Tolstoy, Dostoyevski or Torgeniev. How many eminent statesmen, scientists, artists, musicians, philanthropists, physicians, how many inventors may be snuffed out in this hideous contest waged by men who really have no grievance against one another. Women realize keenly the meaning of that destruction of latent capabilities, and with the mother instinct that is in every woman and that predisposition toward conservation that is also inseparable from the feminine nature, they are bound to assert themselves with beneficent effect in the not distant future as regards this and other matters."

That the number of deaths resulting from the lack of proper remedies cut off by the war and from the setback of research in German universities will equal those of the battlefield was the opinion expressed by Charles P. Emerson, dean of the Indiana University School of Medicine.

Dr. Emerson said thousands of people need one certain remedy which it is already impossible to obtain in the open drug market. He discussed the great setback to scientific research that the war means.

"Germany not only is the great drug market of the world, but it is the home of scientific research which it has taken many generations to develop and which has not been attained to such perfection elsewhere."

Continuing, Dr. Emerson said, "The research work of Austria and France also will suffer a great loss."

He then spoke of the early treatment of the insane in the early stages, which, he said, was just beginning to be understood and would be retarded to an extent that could not be estimated.

"The Cost of the War in Paralysis of Spiritual Advance" was discussed by Henry Ostrum of Greencastle.

"The world," he said, "was not religiously prepared for this war, and it is a crisis which mocks civilization when it can shut off entirely the great advances, such as telegraphy, wireless, automobile travel and every other method of communication. It is a time of unrest in religion all over the world, which could be best realized in the fact that in one day recently in Berlin 17,000 persons left the church."

"War is wrong," said Miss Charity Dye, "because the final decision is with might and not necessarily with right, because it breeds hate instead of love, because it destroys the best of young manhood, and because there is a better way to settle disputes."

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—To the sea-shell's spiral round
'Tis your heart that brings the sound:
The soft sea-murmurs that you hear
Within, are captured from your ear.
You do poets and their song
A grievous wrong,
If your own soul does not bring
To their high imagining
As much beauty as they sing.

MON.—Here, it is written, toil shall have its wage
And honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the land.

TUES.—Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,
And with the vision brightening in their eyes,
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

WED.—Oh, Liberty, White Goddess! Is it well
To leave the gates unguarded?
Told Sorrow's children on thy breast soothe the hurts of fate.
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom.

THURS.—They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

FRI.—Two things there are with memory will abide,
Whatever else befall, while life flows by:
That soft, cold hand-touch at the altar side;
The thrill that shook you at your child's first cry.

SAT.—Great thoughts in crude, unshapely verse set forth,
Lose half their preciousness, and ever must,
Unless the diamond with its own rich dust
Be cut and polished, it seems little worth.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE STEAM SHOVEL.

I am master of earth, and my glad heart sings
As backward and forward my bucket swings;
I lift up the tons of rock and sand
And pour them into the cars that stand,
Patient and still with their mouths held wide;
When I fill them they go satisfied
Off to the dam or the levee or road,
Or to build up a swamp for a city's abode.
I never am weary; my arm of steel
Labors for joy, I am glad to feel
The great earth trying to hold the clay
That my Titan strength keeps tearing away.

Oh, I am king of the digging crew!
Can a hundred men do the work I do?
Can they work all day, and then all night,
Without sleeping a wink or eating a bite?
Can they work a month on a drink of oil
In the arctic blast or the tropic broil?
No men can do the things I do,
For I am king of the digging crew!

The railroads follow where I make way;
I join the rivers; I curb the bay;
I bring the waters from highlands down
To the barren valley and thirsting town;
I level the heights and gorge the fills;
I bring the power to the mighty mills;
When I come to a mountain, I cut it through,
For I am king of the digging crew!

Down on the Isthmus of Panama
I was the will, I was the law!
I am the monster the mountains dread;
When the sun beat down and the men dropped dead,
I sunk my teeth in the hard red clay
And sung as I tore the earth away;
And I laughed as I let the oceans through,
For I am king of the digging crew!

When man conquers the land, he lays it waste;
When I conquer the land, canals are traced
Across its deserts that straightway fling
Over themselves the garments of spring.
If I boast, it is only of things I do,
Of the peace and plenty I bring to you,
For I am king of the digging crew!

Youth's Companion. *—Ralph Bacon.*

Saved from the Tide

Algernon Charles Swinburne, the English poet, seemed immune from all the maladies that pursue unfortunate mankind. Writing of Swinburne in "Portraits and Sketches," Mr. Edmund Gosse says that he did not know fatigue; his agility and brightness were untiring. His courage and zest as a bather were superb. When he was a very little child his father, the admiral, had taught him to be fearless in the water, by taking him up in his arms and flinging him among the waves. At Eton, says his cousin, "Algernon could swim forever." Yet, as a young man, he had a very narrow escape from drowning.

Swinburne was a daring bather and he loved to go to Etretat because the opportunities for swimming in the sea were so excellent there. On a certain Friday in the late summer, 1868, about ten o'clock in the morning, the poet went alone to a solitary point on the eastern side of the *plage,* the Port d'Amont (for there is no real harbor at Etretat), took off his clothes and plunged in as was his wont. A few minutes later a man called Coquerel, who was on the outlook at the semaphore, at the foot of the cliffs on the eastern side of the bay, heard cries for help and piercing screams.

He climbed up on a chalk rock and saw that a swimmer, who had been caught by the tide, which runs very swiftly at that place, was being hurried out to sea, in spite of his violent struggles. As it was impossible for Coquerel to do anything else to help the drowning man, he started to race along the shore to Etretat, when he saw the Marie-Marthe, one of the fishing smacks of the village, come round the point. Coquerel called to the boatman, and directed him to the drifting and shouting man.

The captain of the smack very quickly understood the situation, and followed the poet, who no longer struggled, but supported himself by floating on the surface of the tide. The water was hurrying him along so swiftly that the boat could not pick him up until it had reached a point a mile to the northeast of the eastern point of Etretat.

The fisherman, whose name was Vallin, drew the poet out of the water. Captain Vallin was not much less astonished at his capture than the Icarians were at theirs, for Swinburne displayed his usual vivacity. The weather was glorious; the rescuers rubbed the poet's body with their horny hands, and then they wrapped him in a spare sail, over which his mane of orange-ruddy hair was spread to dry. He began to preach to the captain and his men, who surrounded him in rapturous approval, the doctrines of the republic, and then he recited to them "by the hour together," the poems of Victor Hugo. They gave him some food, and in the course of the morning the Marie-Marthe, with her singular supercargo, tacked into the harbor of Yport.

Youths' Companion.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE DRINK PROBLEM.

DEAR UNITY:—

In the last two days two important facts bearing upon the Drink Problem have been stated in the London *Times* which may be of interest to the readers of UNITY. (1) In Russia, during the last ten years, the income from the state liquor monopoly has increased from $270,000,000 to $450,000,000, an increase of about 66 per cent in that period, or 6.6 per cent a year, which is nearly twice the annual percentage of increase in the United States. During the same period the increase in population has been only one-third as great, or 22 per cent for the ten years ending in 1913. In other words, the use of liquor grows three times as fast as the population—a most deplorable state of affairs! This means that on an average every Russian family pays annually a "liquor tax" of some $20 to the government. What the family pays for that liquor is another and larger sum. And it must be remembered that the Russians, as a rule, are a very poor people, receiving low wages or small incomes. Such enormous financial waste on drink means untold misery, while the waste of life is vastly greater. This sad condition in Russia, rapidly going from bad to worse, presents a forcible warning to Americans who unfortunately are inclined to advocate some form of government ownership of the liquor business; at least some Americans favor such a policy. It is said that Russia adopted its present system largely from a benevolent purpose; to control and lessen the drink evil. But a policy that increases the consumption of liquor three times as fast as the growth in population is certainly a gigantic failure from the point of view of temperance reform. And so it would be here, if we set up the so-called disinterested management of the liquor business.

(2) The other matter to which I refer is the carefully prepared report of the investigations of Dr. S. Davies, health officer for Woolwich, respecting the effects of the use of alcohol and tobacco in the production of cancer. The harmful effects of tobacco are very clearly shown, but for the sake of brevity I will confine myself to the effects of drink. A hundred and twenty cases of cancer, ending in death, were under observation for a long period. An arbitrary standard had to be established to fix the limit of excessive drinking. That was put at a daily consumption of 1½ pints of beer or its equivalent; anything under that was called moderate drinking. Of the whole number, 41 were practically excessive users of alcohol, or about 33 per cent. Of 33 persons dying from cancer of the lip (or other parts of the mouth), 45 per cent took alcohol excessively. In the remaining cases, where the use of alcohol was less than the standard above given, its harmful influence, though evident, could not be so strikingly demonstrated. This is only one of the numberless lines of investigation by which medical men are conclusively showing the ruinous influence of alcohol upon human life.

Let me in closing state that from observation and inquiry it seems evident that drinking is surely on the decrease among the so-called middle classes in England. But, unfortunately, drink is still as strong entrenched as ever in social customs. Its use in families, high and low, is still common. And the pity of it!

London. J. H. CROOKER.

THE OPEN SUNDAY AT THE LINCOLN CENTRE

The Janesville *Daily Gazette* for August 24 gives two column space to the Sunday meeting at the Lincoln Centre Farm, August 23. Mr. Jones was on the scene of his old campaignings of forty years ago when he was at the Lincoln Centre Farm at Clear Lake, and the friends and supporters of his early ministry which for ten years included all of Rock County and beyond, with Janesville as a center, welcomed him at this meeting.

Says the *Gazette*:

An attendance numbering six hundred people, representing many towns and cities from the surrounding country, greeted Jenkin Lloyd Jones Sunday afternoon at Clear Lake, near Milton Junction, and heard one of the most remarkable addresses of the present day. Dealing with the subject of "Child Welfare," or "Looking Into the Future," Mr. Jones touched the hearts of those attending upon the child question, at the same time drove home facts concerning the present wars in Europe, their causes, their outcomes, and picturing the beautiful future. It was a thrilling talk, based upon future hopes.

It was the pleasure of Mr. Jones to introduce as the first speaker of the afternoon, ex-Governor W. D. Hoard of Fort Atkinson, who made a few remarks that brought a loud and continued applause from the gathering. It was Mr. Hoard's first public appearance for many months. Because of his age he rose to his feet rather slowly, and after welcoming the throng assembled, he centered his remarks in favor of the children. In part he said, "During my administration as governor of Wisconsin, I was never able to comprehend religion, business, civilization, enterprises or peoples of my own state as I should have. But above all this lack of conceiving, I was unable to grasp with my mind the children. I am here to compliment Mr. Jones upon his honest, faithful work of many years in handling the fresh-air children of Chicago, and bringing them to Clear Lake, where they might enjoy two weeks of recreation next to Mother Nature."

During the short intermission between speeches, Mrs. Loofboro of Milton Junction furnished music that was highly pleasing.

The next speaker introduced by Mr. Jones was W. W. Thrasher of Chicago, a man who has given up much of his time to the care of the children, and the man who, as superintendent of the Committee of Fifteen, has closed 450 houses of ill-repute in Chicago last year. "Mr. Thrasher has given up two weeks of his work in the Windy City to come to Clear Lake and take care of the fifteen boys now sitting there with him," said Mr. Jones, pointing to the enthusiastic youngsters. With this introduction Mr. Thrasher said: "One of my chief causes for coming up here for two weeks with fifteen youths, and which I have neither told Mr. Jones nor the boys themselves, is that I have not three boys at home as there are here. Three infants were taken from me, much to my sorrow, and I took it upon myself to be a helper of Brother Jones, and assist him in his wonderful work.

Mr. Thrasher is taking charge of the last group of fresh-air youths, fifteen boys, who close their activities at Clear Lake next Saturday, to return to their homes in Chicago for school. The children do not come from exactly the slum centers, but they are from the homes of the working class. That these are the children that must be depended upon for the future, is the firm opinion of Jones and his helpers.

Rev. Jones was the next speaker of the afternoon. He said in part:

"The gates of the future stand wide open. My hair, you see, is white, and it is hard for me to escape from the thought of it in this presence. But why should I throw things aside and wait for the end?

"I am an aboriginal in this good state of Wisconsin, and I could go on and tell

you much of my early days spent in this state had I the time, but I must stick to the text at hand. I found it in Emerson. And now I repeat Paul's message, 'Forgetting the things that are behind and pressing forward to things that are before.'

"The gates are open to all living bodies. We remember how a few years ago our own government established a child welfare bureau to look after our future generations. This is one of the greatest things the United States ever did. Julia Lathrop, who was too efficient to remain on the committees in Illinois, was the maiden mother chosen to take charge of it.

"There was once established the three R's in education. With these studies well mastered, a person was considered fairly intelligent. Today, my friends, there is a more profound education. Salvation in the future will mean state righteousness and state progress. It will mean neighborly kindness and social well-being."

"If people will turn their thoughts toward sobriety and calmness, then we can guarantee the protection of our women and children from debauchery."

The speaker had by this time reached the summit of his theme. His words were sinking in the hearts and minds of those present, and were followed by an applause both loud and hearty.

"Notwithstanding this breakdown of civilization in Europe, notwithstanding the ten millions of people destroying life and the heartsickening revelation of the desecrated sanctities, the time is coming when swords will be beaten into pruning hooks. The world is gradually opposing aristocracies. War will cease some day and all thrones will totter. A democracy of humanity, namely the United States of the World, will be formed. We are forming it now. This world-wide democracy will be a known fact.

"If when this universal democracy is established, the cables of the world are broken, the world's communication will work spiritually, war will be an impossibility. After twenty centuries of strife, exclusion and martyrdom, the simple message of the Nazarine is being heard and it begins to work. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain, and opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, and poor in heart, etc.'

"The world beckons us all, old and young. We must care for our future generations. The earth needs the intelligent and industrious.

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THE Biennial Conference of Friends (Liberal) comprising seven Yearly Meetings, will be held in Saratoga, N. Y., beginning Wednesday, Ninth month 2nd, at 2:30 P. M. The sessions, which will be held morning and evening in Convention Hall, will be open to all who care to attend. One or more periods each day will be set aside for Round Tables, which are also open to the public. The afternoons will be given over to recreation.

Some of the features of the program are: Addresses of Welcome, by officials of Saratoga; response by the chairman, Dr. O. Edward Janney. Address by Henry W. Wilbur, "The Spirit That Should Guide Us." One of the Educational sessions will be addressed by Dr. David Snedden, Massachusetts Commissioner of Education. Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck will portray "A Child-Centered Religious Education." Rural Welfare, by George T. Powell, of New York, and Prof. James E. Robertson, Ottawa, Ont. Child Welfare, Hastings H. Hart, a director of Russell Sage Foundation. Woman Suffrage, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Mrs. Hannah Clothier Hull.

For full program write to

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Janesville people have contributed money for the erection of a house at Clear Lake for the children to use each summer. A barn and home for caretaker will be erected this fall.

The meeting yesterday was a most successful one.

FURTHER COPIES OF UNITY ASKED FOR

The following letter explains itself. We hope some care-taking reader of UNITY can supply the missing files to the Congressional Library at Washngton, so that there at least the future student of religious liberality and hospitality can find contemporary material.

August 19, 1914.

Editor UNITY,
Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

Dear Sir: In accordance with our promise to let you know what volumes the Library of Congress wants of UNITY, we wish to state that our set lacks Vols. I to VI, March, 1878, to February, 1881; Vols. IX and X, 1882 and 1883, and Vols. XLIX to LI, 1902 to August, 1903.

We are very glad to take advantage of your kind offer to assist us in completing out set, and shall appreciate any assistance you may be able to render.

Very respectfully,
HERBERT PUTNAM,
Librarian of Congress.
By Wm. A. Slade,
Chief Periodical Division.

This statement of our "wants" is made after the gift to the Library by the Rev. W. C. Gannett of volumes for the period March, 1897, to March, 1902.

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